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ECCENTRIC MORALS.

THE natural feelings are subject to many strange aberrations and depravities. The Negro of Soudan would probably pronounce the most beautiful lady at Almack's a fright, and point for the true standard of loveliness to some overgrown black Venus, the result of ten years of maternal cramming. The African gentleman's taste would be held by some to imply that the ideas of men on these points are all matter of habit or prejudice; but this would be rather a rash way of judging. The wonder may, we think, be accounted for by supposing that the faculty giving the sense of the beautiful has been in him dormant for lack of all that could excite or train it, and that habit and prejudice have only reconciled him to an object absolutely not calculated to be agreeable to this feeling in most men. In the same way, we conceive, some men become accustomed to swallow with a kind of relish potions which to the bulk of mankind appear, and therefore really are, bitter and nauseous. The tale told of a king of antiquity, who, by taking poison in little but gradually increasing quantities, came at last to be a mass diffusing death all around, while himself remained in good health, is, though evidently an exaggerated case, yet one generally consonant with what we know to be possible: otherwise how should Coleridge have been able to take a pint of laudanum in a day! There have even been appetites so depraved, that the mud of the streets became a treat—though, probably, in such cases, it is not the perversion of habit so much as the derangement of disease. It would not perhaps be more absurd to conclude from such instances that man had no natural election between a good joint and a lump of soil, than to suppose, because the Negroes admire ugly objects, that there is no *kalon*, or absolute beautiful.

So it is with almost all the finest feelings of our nature. To observe the conduct of mothers in this country, one would suppose that the protection of the infant was a principle in no instance to be broken through. An English lady seems to experience the bitterest agonies of alarm and distress, if the least danger of any kind threaten the helpless innocent that lies in her bosom. Here, at least, we would think, is a feeling which nothing on earth could corrupt or pervert. Yet, unfortunately, we know that the Spartans exposed deformed or sickly children, and that Roman parents had by their laws a right to do so; that the Mingrelians, a people who professed Christianity, were accustomed to bury their offspring alive, with the view perhaps of repressing population; and that the Chinese practise infanticide on a large scale. Such things, however, do not argue that there is no natural feeling dictating a love of and care for the young, and that all these things are only matters of custom. They only, in our opinion, show that the feeling may be weak and comparatively dormant in some nations, as we know it to be in some individuals amongst ourselves, or else may be overpowered by some principle temporarily stronger. The Mingrelians and Chinese may be amongst those nations who have no great endowment of the faculty which gives the love of children; and, in the case of the Spartans, we all know that their regard to the public interest was sufficient in them to subdue the natural feeling, even on the supposition of its being of average strength and activity. It is worthy of remark, that the vivacity of this feeling does not absolutely depend on civilisation: while the Chinese murder their infants, the Esquimaux, a much less enlightened people, are remarkable for an extreme tenderness towards them. Nor does

this feeling always rise in proportion with the respectability of the lower animals: the feline and apes are perhaps the most philoprogenitive of all creatures.

Parental and filial affection are recognised as strong feelings amongst us, and it is difficult to imagine how a son could ever become an indifferent object to a father, or how a mother could ever regard the death of one of her stately striplings as even a tolerable, much less a pleasing, event. Yet a Roman magistrate would coolly condemn his son to death for a state offence; and a Grecian mother was delighted to receive home, stretched on his shield, the lifeless body of the youth who had fallen fighting for his country. Aksouk Bourshi, the Dispenser of Fortune, as he was called, a gallant prince of Mossul, fell a victim to the daggers of a fanatical sect whose creed recognised assassination as the most meritorious of all acts. The populace seized the murderers, whom, with one exception, they tore in pieces. The mother of the assassin who was spared, hearing of the catastrophe, expressed the greatest joy, and dressed herself in all her finest attire, believing her son to have been killed in what she believed to be the best of causes. When she learnt that the young man still lived, she blackened her face, and cut off her long flowing hair, the eastern signs of extreme woe. In all these cases, we see one principle overpowering another, the latter, however, being probably, in some of these nations, the weaker of the two naturally.

There can, we think, be no other rational way of accounting for those eccentricities as to morals for which some nations have been remarkable. Lycurgus, as is generally known, legalised theft, and only punished it when a blundering rogue was caught in the fact. He was so eager to make his people intellectually sharp, that this license did not seem too dear a way of effecting the object. So also the Grecian philosophers, in their anxiety to advance their national interests, not only sanctioned piracy, but held it to be laudable. The whole history of Greece is a remarkable illustration of the power of a sentiment akin to what we call public spirit, to extinguish the natural emotions of the individual bosom.

Even the instinct of self-preservation, so universally active, the mainspring of human actions, has been, as we well know, overpowered by other feelings. The Hindoo devotee prostrates himself under the ear of Juggernaut in a most contented and cheerful state of mind. The widow of the same nation, if left to her choice, in general would rather burn with her deceased husband than not. They think they are making a good bargain in so doing, and, firm in their faith, no qualm comes over them. The Highlander of old would gladly take the death-blow aimed at his chief, so that he could save that venerated person. Here the sacrifice was dictated by merely a habit of reverence, which made the chief's life seem preferable to his own. He contemplated no selfish advantage, but, on the contrary, made a pure sacrifice of self. Yet it was only one feeling, after all, overpowering another.

Our common notions respecting the destruction of a fellow-creature, in other circumstances than those of conflict, or for the purpose of self-defence, represent it as an act from which man instinctively revolts, and which, if it be unfortunately committed, is ever after a source of the most bitter uneasiness of feeling. We think of the murderer as haunted through life with horrible recollections, harassed by remorse, and suffering an expiatory death every day, until true death at length comes, amidst unspeakable horrors, to close a scene which no one can look on without shuddering. It is, nevertheless, true that there are large bodies of people who practise murder without the

experience of the slightest uneasiness either at the moment or afterwards. Such are the Thugs of India, of whom various well-authenticated accounts have been presented to the public within the last few years. They are a kind of sect, or set of religionists, who waylay and kill travellers for the sake of booty. "There is not a Thug," says Captain Sleeman, "who feels the slightest remorse for the murders which he may, in the course of his vocation, have perpetrated, or assisted in perpetrating. A Thug considers the persons murdered precisely in the light of victims offered up to the goddess; and he remembers them as a priest of Jupiter remembered the oxen, and a priest of Saturn the children, sacrificed upon their altars. He meditates his murders without any misgiving; he perpetrates them without any emotion of pity; and he remembers them without any feeling of remorse. They trouble not his dreams, nor does their recollection ever cause him any inquietude in darkness, in solitude, or the hour of death." How are we to reconcile the rule, in this case, with so large and every way so remarkable an exception? It is also to be remembered that there has been such a thing as a nation of assassins somewhat nearer to our doors than the Thugs; and that, within Christendom, religion has often been brought to bear either for the prompting of homicide or its justification. When Louis D'Orleans assassinated Jean Sans Peur in 1407, Jean Petit, a Norman Cordelier monk and doctor of laws, undertook to justify the act by *tudce* arguments in honour of the twelve apostles! The Smithfield fires were lighted, and the bell of St Germain l'Auxerrois was rung, for the supposed glory of God. John Knox "spoke merrily" of the murder of Cardinal Beaton, and united himself to the murderers, although of the general character of that preacher there cannot be a doubt that it included many noble points. We would have to write volumes instead of paragraphs, if we were to dip deeper into the annals of religious persecution; suffice it, in one word, to say that, from beginning to end, they show the natural feelings of humanity obscured by the predominance of other and depraved feelings.

The aberrations of the religious feeling itself are most extraordinary, and such as investigation would perhaps never exhaust. The first element of this feeling is unquestionably the principle of worship—and to what objects has worship been paid, from the ugly caricatures of humanity which some Asiatic nations set up as idols, to the Grecian Jupiter and Apollo, respective emblems of majesty and beauty—from the sacred cow of Egypt to the Lama of Thibet! Worship implies an object presumed superior to the worshipper; but these objects could never be rationally held superior to those who pay or have paid them reverence. Yet they were or are sincerely, devoutly worshipped. Between the true object, an Almighty Unseen Deity, and these substitutes of ignorance and delusion, what an interval! Yet still there can be no doubt that the veneration of men has been, and is, excited by such objects.

The sense of justice and truth is not less liable to depravation. Of truth, barbarous nations have scarcely a trace; of justice, they have very little. Some semi-enlightened nations, as, for example, the Chinese, are scarcely any better in either respect. And even amongst the most enlightened nations, we find some odd ideas and practices. It is not assuming at all, but only stating a recognised fact, that there are scores of voters in almost every borough in England, who cannot see the least impropriety in selling their votes for a sum of money, and would be prepared to defend the act as one perfectly indifferent in all respects except with a regard to their own interest. Classes

pursue their own interests, not only without the least regard to the interests of other classes, but in open defiance of them. We find each profession and set of men looking to some code of its own, which habit places above the decalogue in their estimation. A barrister will use every effort to save from conviction the wretch who cannot be allowed to continue in his career without the greatest danger to society; and a statesman will denounce a minister as a traitor to his country and an enemy to the laws, yet be ready next minute to protest that he only meant the charge in a parliamentary sense, and entertains not a thought injurious to the personal character of his opponent. All of these are great monstrosities; but we pass them by every day without remark, custom having reconciled us to them.

On attempting to analyse the various causes which produce aberrations of the natural feelings, we find reason to think that the following are the chief. There is, first, that condition of a feeling which we find in utterly savage tribes—a state in which it is either so small in positive endowment, or so ill developed, that it scarcely can be said to exist at all. Hence the African's admiration of fat black females—the unscrupulous destruction of children by some savage tribes—the veneration which many other barbarous nations pay to ugly blocks of wood or stone, as supposing them to be gods. In these cases we only see the blundering of a faculty as weak and aimless as the movements of a newly born animal. There is next a condition of a faculty little superior to the above, which is sometimes found in partially civilised nations: for example, the feeble state of conscientiousness amongst the Chinese. Here we may remark that, because a nation has made some progress, it is not to be supposed that all the mental faculties are, in it, to spring forward into one uniform degree of activity. There is not one partially enlightened race which does not show some striking deficiencies. A great deal of the shortcomings which we wonder at in certain races are to be attributed to this cause. Next, we behold, in civilised nations, one feeling overpowered by another—as the family affections of the Greeks by public spirit, and their sense of justice by an anxiety to cultivate intellectual sharpness. The monstrous practices of Thugs, assassins, and persecutors, are to be explained by a consideration of the blinding effect of erroneous religious views. Absorbed in some delusive notions, these persons come to sink all considerations of justice and humanity, and are willing to commit any species of wickedness that a contemplated greater good may be attained. It is a great though common mistake to speak of such men as unacquainted with mercy: Philip II. of Spain, while conducting his atrocious persecutions in the Netherlands, sent bread and clothing to the people of Brussels suffering under a famine. The feelings are in their case only overcome by an extreme of fanaticism, against which judgment makes no appeal. Next, there are many aberrations which arise from interested and selfish views entertained by a great body of men. In that case, probably, a consideration that the object sought is for the benefit of many others besides one's self, reconciles many to the error, or is what makes it appear passable. Every one, too, feels his share of the responsibility so light, and is so supported in his error by multitudes around him, that he is encouraged to stand out in the bad cause. Finally, the peculiar arrangements which society takes, and the effects of laws and institutions, occasion many anomalous moralities, to which custom easily reconciles all the parties concerned.

But while every one of the feelings is thus liable to appear, under various circumstances, dull, dormant, vanquished, or depraved, we are assured that such feelings nevertheless exist, by finding them all acting with vigour in some one or another of the children of men. That there is a feeling for the beautiful, Greece and Italy have amply proved. There is a fundamental feeling to pronounce thieving wrong, because most nations in the least removed from the savage condition pronounce it to be so. There is a feeling to protect the young, because, though some few kill them, the great mass consent in acting quite otherwise. There is a right humanity, because, while a few have been found to act mercilessly, and without remorse, the bulk of mankind are inclined quite the contrary way. All the peculiar morals, then, of which instances have here been given, are only eccentricities, or departures from a right code. The practical good to be deduced from the argument, is its giving us a light to detect the moral fallacies

into which custom and prejudice are apt to lead us. It prompts us to look out beyond the narrow circle of local, temporary, and class morals, to see the operation of just principles in the great world. It is a common resource of the unjust and merciless to sneer at all standards of right and wrong, and take refuge from blame in the many examples of the aberrant and depraved. The more clearly that these can be established in their true character, as only exceptions from rules which the Creator has himself written in the human heart, the less influence, it may be presumed, will they have in seducing the easy and weak from the right path.

"ENGLAND IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY."

THIS is a work after the fashion of Mrs Hall's "Ireland," in form, embellishment, and mode of publication, as well as in the matter and manner of the composition. Two "parts" are published, the respective commencements of two series into which the work is divided (Southern and Northern), and respectively devoted to Cornwall and Lancashire. When we contrast the aptness and elegance of the wood and steel engravings, the beauty of paper and print, and the liveliness and intelligence of the writing, with the corresponding features of "The Beauties of England and Wales," we are disposed to think that as great improvements have been made, during the last thirty years, in the business of preparing books, as in any other constructive business followed in England. We cordially recommend the book to our readers, as one calculated at once to grace their drawing-rooms, and to acquaint their children with what is too much overlooked in education—the topographical and social features of their native country. We would instance the well-written and well-illustrated account here given of the Lancashire factory system, as a very remarkable example of the efforts now made to gratify and enlighten the public through media the most humble. We find that the southern division is under the care of Mr Cyrus Redding, and the northern under that of Dr W. C. Taylor.

The peculiar features of Cornwall, as a store of almost every kind of mineral wealth, and the seat of a population in many respects different from the rest of the English people, are well brought out by Mr Redding. The reader is surprised to be informed that traces of the ancient connexion of the Phœnicians and Jews with Cornwall are to be found in various Hebrew names of places, as Paran-zabulon, Phillack, Menachan, Zephni, Bonithon, and Marazion. The inhabitants are remarked to be people of kind and agreeable manners—the men larger and more active than most Englishmen, and the women peculiarly unaffected and free from constraint. It appears that Queen Elizabeth remarked, that "the Cornish gentlemen were all born courtiers, with a becoming confidence," a description that would have applied equally well to the gentlemen of the kindred race of Scottish Highlanders in the last century, and perhaps to the real Irish gentlemen of the present day, thus marking the ineffaceable characteristics of races.

At Week St Mary there is a charity and grammar-school, founded in the time of Henry VIII., by a lady who was a native of the place, and whose history, as Mr Redding remarks, would do well for a romance. Thomasina Bonaventura, when a girl, kept sheep upon the neighbouring moor. "A London merchant, who happened to be travelling that way, saw her, and observing something about her which pleased him, begged her of her poor parents, and took her to London. The wife of the merchant dying, her master was so taken with her comeliness 'and her good thewes,' say the historians of the day, that he married her, and left her a rich widow. She married a second husband, and was a second time left a widow. A third time she married a Sir John Perceval, who was Lord Mayor of London; and outliving him, she retired to her native parish, and employed her fortune in useful purposes. She repaired highways, built bridges, endowed maidens, released prisoners, and clothed the poor. In her will, which is extant, dated 1512, it is found that her first husband's name was Thomas Bumaby. She bequeaths legacies to a brother; and makes a 'cousin,' named Dinham, who married her sister's daughter, legatee, leaving to him the care of her grammar-school. To the vicar of Liskeard she leaves a gilt goblet, to remind him to pray for her; and twenty marks towards building the church of St Stephen, at Launceston."

Near an old place called Stratton, our author found a smart little watering-place, called Bude Haven, getting up, with an excessively smart little hotel, and a great deal of petty bustle. Pretension—the sin of English society—is just budding. "This judgment we formed from a sentence which dropped from a waiter at the hotel—a female, as many of the waiters are in Cornwall. The bell was rung.

'Did you ring, sir?'

'A little water; there is none in the tea-pot.'

'Yes, sir.'

'Can't you bring in a tea-kettle?'

'The urn is coming, sir; we don't use tea-kettles, like the Stratton people,' with a slight flourish of the head. There was something unpromising in this remark—this incoherent effort to be exclusive—it was not a good omen. Stratton was an ancient town when Bude was a sand-bank.

'I shall be obliged for some toast, Mary; but, perhaps, the Stratton people only eat toast?'

'Yes, sir,' replied Mary, blushing as if she felt the reproach, and going out of the room after the toast.

'They do that at Stratton,' may in future serve for a gibe at any thing done out of the mode.'

Dr Taylor, in approaching the subject of the factory system, disclaims the power of thoroughly comprehending or describing it. "Some influences are too extensive, others too minute, and all are in such constant action, that it is scarcely possible to find the moment of repose when an examination of their constituent parts might be attempted. Even those who have resided in the manufacturing districts all their lives, and who have been neither incurious nor uninterested spectators of the changes which machinery has wrought, are ready to confess that there is much in the system which either escapes their ken or baffles their comprehension; that there are agencies at work, viewless as the wind—they hear the sound thereof, but cannot tell whence it cometh or whither it goeth; and this must necessarily be the case; for, until machinery has worked out all its results, the condition of society which it produces must be regarded as in a state of transition.

Transition is necessarily associated with doubt—we know what we are, but know not what we may be—there are those who hope for change, and there are those who fear it. These feelings are not always the dictates of self-interest: hope from change often arises from nobler causes than dissatisfaction with the existing state of things, and fear of change must not always be attributed to the dread of seeing advantages afforded to the many, which are now monopolised by the few; men on all sides are actuated by better motives than those for which their opponents give them credit: the errors most commonly attributed to principles will in the great majority of instances be found to arise from false or imperfect perceptions of facts."

After a full description of the actual mechanism of the factories, he adds—"The most scrupulous attention is paid to cleanliness in almost every mill; those which were exceptions are fast disappearing. But cleanliness is found in Manchester where it would be least expected, among the firemen and attendants on the boilers. The coals are raised from their bins in a yard by a series of buckets, similar to those of the dredging machines used for deepening the beds of rivers; thence they are emptied into a waggon with a drop-bottom, which moves on a railway over the feeding-hoppers attached to each furnace, and are supplied to the fires in the exact proportion required to generate steam necessary for the work.

Not only are the floors and walls kept free from the slightest impurity, but the overseers take care that the children should keep themselves neat. They go round every morning, and reprove those who have failed to wash themselves after breakfast; the delinquents are without excuse, as soap, water, and towels, are provided gratuitously for their use. In many mills, boxes and nests of drawers are provided, in which the female operatives deposit their street dresses, and put on their working clothes before they begin their labours. There is also a separate washing and dressing room for the women, from which, as well as from their other places of retirement, the male operatives are carefully excluded. We have been much interested by observing the difference of appearance between the females when at work, and when they are going home to dinner; they do not exhibit any trace of their occupation when they appear in the street; many of them, indeed, display in the arrangement of their dress and person a neatness and taste not unbecoming a higher walk of life.

The proper ventilation of the rooms is now regarded as an object of primary importance in the construction of mills. Taylor's mill, near Preston, is in this respect a perfect model; it has in every room a double system of ventilators—the series at the top of each room removing the foul air, while fresh air is supplied by those near the floor.

The mills are warmed by steam-pipes, from which some portion of the steam is permitted to escape and mix with the surrounding atmosphere. A moist warm temperature is essential to the perfection of cotton manufactures, and especially to the spinning of the finer yarns; but the influence of such an atmosphere on the health of the operatives appearing questionable, we sought information from various medical gentlemen who had enjoyed long opportunities for observing the vital statistics of factories. They unanimously condemned the system of warming apartments by stoves or hot-air pipes; they declared that a dry heated

* Dr Taylor writes as if this were newly ascertained. It has for some time been generally admitted by those who have given any attention to the subject, that air heated by contact with iron at a high temperature is desiccated or deprived of moisture by the process, and thus made unsuitable to human necessities. Pipes heated by steam or hot water, since they never can rise above 212 degrees at most, are well calculated to warm the air of apartments, and will be consistent with health, if ventilation be at the same time attended to.

atmosphere is pernicious, and referred to the experience of the calico-printers, and of those who are in the habit of using Arnott's stoves. We subsequently found that bleachers and calico-printers have generally adopted the system of heating by steam, in consequence of the ill effects produced by dry hot air on the health of the operatives.

Regularity and precision are required in all the operations of a cotton mill, and these are enforced by the accurate working of the machinery. Accidents from the machinery are of very rare occurrence; the most dangerous parts of the turning shafts, which almost alone are perilous to the incautious, are either protected by wooden boxes or placed where there is rarely occasion to pass them. The driving-straps are dangerous only to those who voluntarily encounter peril. Were the proprietors to leave the dangerous parts of their machinery so exposed as to produce great liability to accident, they would not only be needlessly cruel, but stupidly blind to their own interests. Any accident would produce a derangement of machinery, the repairing of which would cost infinitely more than the cases or boxes necessary to prevent its occurrence. In one mill, we are told that slight cuts and bruises were frequently occasioned by the tricks which young operatives played upon each other when employed to oil the machinery; but in most of the instances in our inquiry from the operatives respecting the frequency of accidents, they laughingly asked if we thought work-people were such fools as to hurt themselves designedly.

Most modern mills are built fire-proof; those which are not so, have generally a fire-engine of their own, in the use of which the operatives are occasionally exercised. It is now also the favourite plan to have the cotton raised by a crane in its raw state to the upper storey; it then descends from floor to floor, in the successive stages of its manufacture, until, on the ground floor, it is woven into cloth by the power-loom.

The amount of capital invested in a spinning-mill is usually calculated by the number of spindles required, which not unfrequently amount to one hundred thousand. Some years ago the cost of a mill was estimated at £1 per spindle; but in consequence of the progress of mechanical improvement, the cost is not now rated higher than 13s. 4d. per spindle. The rapidity with which the great engineering houses can stock a mill, with all its engines and machinery, is scarcely credible; they are enabled to do so by having accurate wooden models of all the several parts, from which castings are easily taken, and the framework is thus got ready with the greatest expedition.

Dr Taylor adverts to the book-stalls of Manchester, and, in connexion with one which formerly stood near the entrance into Salford by the bridge, narrates the following curious history:—"Some thirty or forty years ago a young carpenter, in a Welsh county, was drawn for the militia; he had no taste for a soldier's life, with its great dangers and small pay. In addition to the ordinary mysteries of his own trade, he had acquired great skill in turning, was a tolerable wheelwright, and, when no more experienced workman could be had, was found able to mend the machinery of a mill, and even to suggest some mechanical improvements which his neighbours were too obstinate to adopt. After a very brief period of service, he deserted and came to London, where he obtained employment in a lathe manufactory. Here he soon became conspicuous for his mechanical skill, and the ingenuity of his contrivances to diminish labour and perfect the machines he constructed. While he was rapidly advancing in the confidence of his employer and the estimation of his comrades, he happened to meet in the street a sergeant belonging to his former regiment, by whom he was recognised. It was necessary for him to quit London, in order to escape the consequences of his desertion; he sought shelter and employment in several provincial towns, and at length came to Manchester. He had no acquaintances in the town, and was for some time unable to procure work: during this interval of reluctant leisure, his attention was attracted by the sight of some mathematical books on the old stall in Salford; he stopped to look at them, entered into conversation with the proprietor, who was an intelligent humorist, and soon inspired him with an interest in his fortunes.

One morning, as the adventurer went to consult his friend at the book-stall on his chances of obtaining employment, a gentleman came up to purchase some work on practical mechanics. As he turned over the plates, which appeared very complex, he got a little puzzled, and said to himself, in a half-whisper, 'I cannot understand this!' His perplexity and anxiety were so evident, that the young stranger was induced to come to his assistance; he explained the diagrams in such lucid and simple language, that the gentleman was prompted to inquire into his history. The tale was soon told; and the keeper of the book-stall added to it, that since the young man had come to Manchester, he had been very anxious to procure work, and that he had employed the interval in the study of mathematics.

'Do you understand any thing of the management of lathes, young man?' asked the gentleman.

'Yes, sir, for lathe-making was the business in which I was engaged.'

'Well, come to my house to-morrow. I have got down a lathe from one of the first makers in London; but owing to some peculiarities in its construction, I

fear that I cannot easily find a person qualified to set it up.'

On the morrow the young man went at the appointed time to the house of his new employer. The lathe was unpacked, and he at once recognised it as one of his own construction. He mentioned the fact to the gentleman, and identified his work by specifying some private marks on the machinery. When his task was accomplished, the young man solicited and obtained leave to try some experiments on turning spindles. He produced some specimens so obviously superior to the spindles then in use, that his patron was induced to advance him a sum sufficient to set him up in the turnery business. The new spindles were soon eagerly sought; their maker at the same time gained opportunities of becoming acquainted with the several processes of a cotton mill, and as he studied them, improvement after improvement was opened to his mind. His fame as a mechanist rapidly increased; men of wealth sought a partnership with the man of talent; capital was supplied to carry out the suggestions of ingenuity; and at the present moment the hero of this history is at the head of an establishment the fame of which extends through both hemispheres. After having heard this history, it was impossible to avoid feeling some regret for the disappearance of the old book-stall in Salford."

THE BRONZE HORSE.

A NEAPOLITAN LEGEND.

It is now some eighty years since there lived, in a vast old palace in one of the narrow streets that run behind the Strada Toledo in Naples, the Principe (Prince) di San Silvestro. A very distant relation of the family to whose honours he had succeeded, he had passed all his younger days in obscurity in one of the provinces with his father, who, proud of his high birth, but without the means of supporting it in the style of his equals, preferred vegetating in solitude with his only son, rather than permit him to endeavour to raise the fortunes of his house again, by entering any profession that might tarnish the dignity of his ancient name.

Shortly after the death of his father, the prince came into his inheritance, which in reality added but little to his wealth, as it consisted merely of the old gloomy Palazzo Cavallo, which was much dilapidated, and totally unfurnished, excepting a few rooms which had been inhabited by the late prince—an eccentric character, who lived so retired, and with so little show, that it was the surprise of every one how he could have squandered a very considerable fortune, when, at his death, all his estates were obliged to be sold for the payment of his debts. The new prince removed to Naples immediately upon the demise of his relation; having lost both his father and his wife in the course of the preceding year, he had now no tie to the country, and was desirous of giving his son the advantage of a superior education to what a retired province could afford him.

They were soon quietly established in their new abode; Constantino was sent to a college; and the prince, who was very little known in Naples, continued to live almost as much secluded as he had done in Calabria. Upon taking possession of the Palazzo Cavallo, he found that the only remains of its ancient magnificence consisted in a very fine colossal statue of a bronze horse, which was placed upon a high pedestal in the centre of the court; and it frequently occurred to him how gladly he would dispose of it if a purchaser would present himself, without his pride being hurt by offering it for sale.

One winter evening, several years after his taking up his residence in Naples, when it was nearly dark, a little old man, bending double apparently from age, and with his hat so much pulled over his face as scarcely to allow any of his features to be visible, entered the court of the palace, and, meeting one of the prince's servants, he inquired if he might speak with his master.

The prince, who was disengaged, desired he might be admitted, and to his surprise the stranger (who, by his accent, seemed a foreigner), apologising for his intrusion, told him that the reason of his visit was to inquire if he had any objection to sell the bronze horse he had seen in the court below, as he wished to become its purchaser. The prince replied, that he was willing to dispose of the statue, provided a good price could be had, but that the very lowest sum he would take was 4000 ducats. This the other declared was far above its value; however, after continuing to discuss the point for some time, he at last offered 3500 ducats, which the prince agreed to accept; and the old man said he would return on the following morning to remove the horse, and bring an order upon a well-known banker for the stipulated sum. He then departed, leaving the prince very much at a loss to guess what could have induced this singular-looking being to make such a purchase; and suspecting that it must be a hoax of some one who was acquainted with his necessities, he scarcely expected to hear any thing more of the matter. However, next evening the old man called at the gate, and sent up by the porter bills for the 3500 ducats, correctly made out upon the before-mentioned banker, along with a note from the unknown, requesting a receipt for them, adding, that he had been prevented bringing workmen to carry away the statue that morning, but that he should certainly return for it on the morrow.

The prince, well pleased to find he was not to meet with a disappointment, hastened to give the desired receipt; but when the porter descended with it to the court, the man was nowhere to be seen, and, after waiting some time in expectation of his reappearing, he went up stairs again to inform his master of the fact. More than ever amazed, the prince could in no way account for such conduct, but the next morning the first thing he did was to go himself to the banker's to find out if the money had been actually placed there. Contrary to his almost extinguished hopes, the bankers replied, that the day before a little man (answering the description the prince gave) had called and paid them 3500 ducats on the prince's account, and had received from them a receipt for the same; the signature he gave seemed some Jewish name, which none of them had ever heard before.

As soon as the prince had received his money, he hurried home, with no small curiosity, to see the mysterious personage again; but no tidings had been heard of him during his absence. The bronze horse remained in solitary grandeur in his place; and from that day forward, the Jew, or whoever he might be, never more made his appearance at the Palazzo Cavallo. So strange was the event, that the prince could not help mentioning it to all his acquaintances, and much inquiry was made in every direction, to endeavour to throw some light upon the affair, but all in vain; and after a time, except by the prince himself, the matter was entirely forgotten.

It might be about five years after the sale of the horse, that the prince was one morning awakened in great haste, at the early hour of six o'clock, by the sudden entrance of the Abbate Selvaggi (an old antiquarian friend of his), while he was yet in bed. "Get up, get up, my friend," said he, "we must go instantly and examine your bronze horse. I have made a great discovery; but I will explain nothing until we have convinced ourselves with our own eyes of the extraordinary truth." The prince ran with the abbat to the statue, when the priest, after a glance, exclaimed, "It is true!—they have taken out his eyes!" The abbat then stated to the surprised prince, that he had been just called to the deathbed of the confessor of the prince's late father, and had received from the dying man a most extraordinary confession in writing. After expressing regret for a deed of guilt committed, the dying man's confession narrated, that he had been the confessor of the late Principe di San Silvestro, who, many years ago, had confided to him that he had formed the resolution, on account of a vow he had made, to place two brilliants, of immense size and value, as eyes in the head of his bronze horse. The confessor had aided in the act, and added, that he strongly suspected (although he outwardly appeared to be a strict Catholic) that the reason of the prince's doing so extraordinary a deed proceeded from a remnant of the superstitious veneration for horses, which had secretly been cherished in Naples long after the inhabitants were converted to Christianity. But if such was the case, the prince never confessed it. Years rolled on, and the transaction remained a profound secret; the prince was a strange, eccentric person, considered half crazy by every one, who passed his days and nights in poring over ancient lore, and receiving no visitors, unless it was some one who brought him manuscripts or legends of antiquity, for which he was always ready to give a good price. A short time before his death, the confessor used frequently to meet at his house a little old man of foreign appearance (who, the reader may guess, was the mysterious purchaser of the bronze horse). He had travelled much, and evidently became soon in high favour with the prince, whom he supplied with much of his favourite literature, and they used to be shut up for weeks together over their books. On the death of the prince, the priest was tempted by the stranger with an offer of 10,000 ducats to let the other take away the brilliants and keep the secret. The priest yielded; the strange old man kept his promise, and at once disappeared, leaving his accomplice to deep remorse. This was the confession.

It may be well imagined what was the vexation of the Principe San Silvestro, on receiving the foregoing communication from his friend the abbat. To hear that he had been deprived of wealth, probably more than sufficient to put him upon an equality with the richest of the Neapolitan nobles, would have been a severe trial to any one; but the prince had been so long accustomed to privations, that he no longer felt disappointments so keenly as he did in his younger days: for his son's sake alone he would have desired riches. "God has so ordered it," said he to himself, with a sigh; "I am not born to be fortunate; however, five thousand ducats are better than nothing, and will assist me in fitting out my boy when he leaves college."

In the mean time, the prince's son, the young Constantino Fiorillo, grew up the pride and joy of his fond father, who, by strict economy, had been enabled to give him an excellent education; and gay, handsome, and accomplished, he was beloved by all his companions in college, who, being sons of the first nobles in Naples, were much superior to him in fortune. But Constantino as yet felt not the difference of their positions. At college all were equal; and when, at the age of eighteen, they returned to their families, several young men with whom he had contracted a warm friendship continually invited him to visit them; and at length the Duca di Laurino, the father of his most favourite young friend (who was carried

off suddenly by an illness of a few days), procured for him the commission his son had held in the *Guardia Corpse*, or King's Body Guard, which was then, as it is now, considered the first regiment in Naples, and only the sons of the nobility were admitted into it.

One evening, during a very gay carnival, the young Conte di Lesino called to carry his friend the Principino with him to a ball at the Due de St Marguerite's, who was then French ambassador at the court of Naples; and on their way thither, the count exclaimed gaily, "Prepare to surrender your hitherto insensible heart to-night. Constantino, I am going to show you the prettiest girl that has appeared this winter, the beautiful Cecile de Montemar—only do not try to supplant me, as I fully intend doing her the honour of making her Contessa di Lesino. My father has given his consent to the match; she is the only child and heiress of Monsieur de Montemar, a stranger Frenchman, whose wealth, report says, is immense."

The ball had commenced, for it was late when the friends arrived; and the count hurried forward in search of the subject of their conversation, leaving Constantino standing near the door, quietly waiting for the conclusion of the dance. A friend introduced him to a young lady of surpassing beauty. It chanced to be Mademoiselle de Montemar, and the young prince danced with her, to the admiration of all, both being alike perfect in the exercise. But, to Constantino's surprise, M. de Montemar at last hurried up, and, with something like anger and rudeness, placed his daughter in charge of the Conte di Lesino. The ball had no further charms for Constantino, nor did Cecile de Montemar herself appear to relish her change of position. During the continuation of the carnival, Constantino had opportunities of seeing Cecile, and a strong mutual passion sprung up between them; but the young lady informed him of a peculiar personal aversion expressed for him by her father. From this time their intercourse was half a secret one, and carried on through the kind Duchesse de St Marguerite. It had the effect of firmly rivetting the chains of love, in the case of both, though that love was still unacknowledged. Meantime, the Conte di Lesino continued the father's avowed favourite.

The carnival was at length concluded; and after the expiration of a few weeks more, the count determined to bring his fate to a decision, and made a formal offer of his hand to Mademoiselle de Montemar, having hitherto only spoken to her father on the subject, who had always endeavoured to keep up his hopes, simply cautioning him not to be too precipitate in making his declaration; but the impetuous Neapolitan would wait no longer, and urged his suit with much eagerness, but at the same time with the air of one assured of success. What was his surprise, then, when Cecile firmly declined his proposals, adding, that she knew his addresses were encouraged by her father's sanction, and she feared her refusal would displease him if he knew it. "But why," continued she, "need he be acquainted with it? Be generous, Monsieur le Conte, and let what has passed be buried in oblivion. I do not love you, therefore I cannot become your wife; but I shall be the most grateful of your friends, if you will grant my request, and conceal from my dear father that you have ever spoken to me on this subject."

The eyes of the Italian flashed fire as she concluded, and his countenance lowered; but Cecile had turned her face from him while she spoke, afraid to witness the reception of her refusal. With a strong effort, the count repressed the passionate language that rose to his lips; and merely replying, "You shall be obeyed, Mademoiselle," he bowed profoundly and left the room. Cecile, in the innocence of her heart, was overjoyed that he had received her answer with so much calmness, and delighted to think that the affair was settled, and, as she hoped, without offending her father; she flew to her friend the duchess, and with a radiant smile communicated the above particulars, adding, "How very happy I am that I shall never more be annoyed by his attentions!" "And you think that the count will be satisfied to give you up so easily?" asked the duchess; "do not flatter yourself he will; however, I am glad that you have answered him so decidedly, and we shall hope the best. But let us think no more of your rejected swain for the present—you must come with me and choose a dress for a grand masked ball, which is to be given by the Marchese Severino on the marriage of his son. It is expected to exceed all the carnival fêtes in splendour, and I intend that my dear Cecile shall be its brightest ornament."

Cecile, however, begged to be allowed to go to the ball as a simple peasant of Provence, and the duchess consented, taking herself also a French character, that of the Duchesse de la Valliere. It was on this occasion that the young Constantino found a chance of openly avowing his love for Cecile. His kind friend, the Duchesse de St Marguerite, gave him a hint of the masked characters chosen by herself and Cecile, and he went to the same ball as a Provençal troubadour, to have an opportunity of lingering appropriately by his fair country woman's side. The issue of the prince's avowal of his passion was to him deeply mortifying. Cecile was affected even to tears; but his declaration only seemed to recall her to a remembrance of her father's aversion and her forgotten duties. She bade Constantino think of her no more, and left the ball, overpowered by conflicting feelings. The principino soon followed.

On that same night his father died suddenly. The grief of the young prince was violent and deep. Having had but one parent from his early infancy, all the warm and enthusiastic feelings of his heart had been concentrated in his love for his father, and, until he met with Cecile de Montemar, no other attachment had found a place there. He therefore sunk almost into despair on finding himself alone, as it seemed, in the world, without any natural connexion on whom he could rely; and the affairs of his late father were left in such disorder, that there was scarcely a sum at his command sufficient to keep him above actual want. The latter misfortune weighed but little upon him in the present state of his mind; it only made him withdraw himself still more from the world. He could not bear to tax the generosity of the Due de St Marguerite and many kind friends who would have offered him assistance, and he often seriously contemplated shutting himself up in a monastery for life. For a year after the death of his father, he remained almost entirely confined to his own palace; and his gay companions, finding they were constantly denied admittance to him, by degrees gave up the attempt; so that the prince, who had so lately been the life of all their parties, soon faded from their memories, as if he had never existed. The only recreation in which he indulged, was in taking long solitary rambles in the environs of Naples, and one of his most favourite resorts was to the lovely little Lago d'Agnano; he would linger for hours by the most retired side of it, carrying a fowling-piece in his hand, but rarely making use of it. Reclined upon the grass, his thoughts would wander back to the happy days he had spent on his first entrance into life, and of the bright sunbeam that had crossed his path, in the vision of his Cecile; and often the shades of evening had long fallen ere he sought again his solitary home. One night he had taken a longer ramble than usual, having sauntered for several hours in the romantic woods of Actroné, the king's preserve, the ascent to which is by a winding road from one extremity of the lake, and the sun had set some time before he reached the broad path, skirted by trees, which runs along the left side of the water. He had advanced in it but a little way, when he overtook a lady and gentleman; the latter, seemingly an invalid, and very feeble, was leaning heavily on the arm of his companion, and Constantino started as he once more heard the voice of Mademoiselle de Montemar, who said anxiously, "Dear papa, I fear you have walked too far; you are fatigued; you will never reach the carriage. Henri," she added, to the servant who attended them, "go on and bring it back to us, and we shall await you here."

Constantino withdrew behind the trees, that he might escape observation, while Cecile seated her father upon the grass, and placed herself beside him. The servant had not left them above a few minutes, when suddenly two men, who had been concealed behind a bank on the other side of the road, sprang out upon them; one of them seized the old De Montemar, and, gagging his mouth to prevent him calling out, he was proceeding to tie his hands, when a shot from the gun of Constantino laid him prostrate on the earth. The other man, meanwhile, had caught up the fainting Cecile in his arms, and proceeded to carry her off with great rapidity across a field towards a hut at some distance; but the moment Constantino saw his shot had taken effect, he flew to the rescue of his beloved, loudly calling upon the ravisher at his peril to stop and release the lady. The former turned, and seeing the prince was unarmed, he laid the insensible Cecile on the ground, and, drawing his sword, rushed at once upon him; but Constantino was prepared, and pulling out a stiletto he always carried about with him, he struck it with all his force into his assailant's right arm, the pain of which obliged the latter to drop his sword and stagger back, when Constantino instantly possessed himself of it. The Conte di Lesino (for it was he) seeing the victory lost, fled with the greatest precipitation, and was soon out of sight. The prince cared not to follow him; all his anxiety was for Cecile, who had now begun to revive. He durst not leave her to call for help, but, to his inexpressible relief, he saw De Montemar's servant running towards them, with whose assistance he conveyed Mademoiselle de Montemar to the place where they had left her father. She had now recovered her consciousness, but was nearly relapsing again on finding that the dreadful shock had been too much for the enfeebled frame of her parent, who was so exhausted that he could scarcely make any answer to their inquiries. The carriage having now arrived, Constantino, at the earnest entreaty of Cecile, accepted a seat in it to Naples. Little conversation passed during the drive; Cecile's looks, more than words, spoke her gratitude, but her father engrossed all her attention; his faintness increasing so much that they were often obliged to stop, fearing he would expire ere they could reach home with him. On arriving at length at De Montemar's palace in the Chiaja, Constantino only remained till he saw the invalid carried to his room; he then dispatched a servant in all haste for a physician, and sent another to inform the Due and Duchesse de St Marguerite of the catastrophe; then pressing the hand of the weeping Cecile, he took his leave, saying he should return early the next morning to inquire for them both. It may be imagined that, after the agitating scenes he had been engaged in, sleep did not visit his eyes, and the earliest dawn of day found him again at De Montemar's door. The report the servants gave of the latter was very unfavourable; he continued to sink, and the physician declared it his opinion that he could not survive another day. While they were conversing together, Mademoiselle de Montemar's maid entered with a note, which she said she had that moment been desired by her mistress to send to the Principe San Silvestro. Constantino tore it open, and read these words—"My dearest father earnestly desires to see you; lose no time, I beseech you, in coming to us." He instantly followed the maid to the sick man's chamber, at the door of which he was met by Cecile, who led him up to the bedside of the dying De Montemar. The old man, feebly turning his eyes towards him, stretched out his hand, saying, "You

have saved my child from worse than death, Monsieur, and there is but one reward worthy of you; I rejoice that my life has been spared long enough to do you justice. Take her," continued he, uniting his hand with that of Cecile, "and may the blessing of an unfortunate and repentant man rest with you both!" Then, turning to the Duchesse de St Marguerite, he added, "Retire, my dear friend, and take Cecile with you for a short time—I have some private instructions I wish to give to the prince, as my son, which it would only pain my darling child to hear." The ladies accordingly withdrew, when De Montemar, addressing Constantino, said, "Will you swear solemnly that you never will make known to my beloved Cecile what I am going to reveal to you? It would only increase all my other sufferings in these my last moments, the idea that she would despise her poor father's memory, and I humbly trust that my present repentance may in some degree wipe away my sins. May I depend upon your secrecy?" Constantino eagerly gave the desired promise, and De Montemar continued thus—"In me, prince, you behold the purchaser of your father's bronze horse. I know you are acquainted with all the circumstances of the transaction, from the confession of the old priest who was my accomplice in the guilty deed, so I need not repeat them to you; but open that cabinet, and touch a spring you will see at the back of it, that I may give you proofs of my identity." Constantino obeyed, and on opening the secret drawer, he beheld to his amazement the two small frames which had contained the diamond eyes he had heard so much of, with the original eyes which had been taken out to make room for them. "Can you forgive me," said the expiring man, "for thus having robbed your good father of his riches, and deprived you for so long a time of your just rights? Could I but give you an idea of the misery my guilty conscience has occasioned me for many years, you could not refuse me your compassion. My health has by degrees sunk under it, and it scarcely required the shock of the last night to snap the slender cord asunder. When I met you last winter, my unhappiness was redoubled—I seemed to read in your eyes that you were informed of my guilt; and when I perceived your attachment to my daughter, I was haunted by the fear that you might disclose the secret to her—for which cause, more than your want of fortune, I forbade her having any intercourse with you. My full intention was, as soon as I should unite her to the Conte di Lesino, and thus secure for her the illustrious station in society I was ambitious of, to confess all to you, restore your property, and then seclude myself in a monastery for life. Cecile's firm refusal to accept the count's proposals disconcerted my plans; and at her earnest entreaty, I at last consented to give him a formal dismissal, the consequence of which has been his rash attempt of last night." De Montemar here paused to recover his breath, and Constantino hastened to assure him, that in the father of his beloved Cecile all was forgiven, adding, that his only desire was to gratify him in any remaining wish he might have.

"Bless you, my dear son," said De Montemar, his eyes overflowing with tears, "I am undeserving of such goodness; but I have one last request to make, which, if not very repugnant to your feelings, I trust you will comply with. All my estates are in France, to which country my daughter is most fondly attached; to Naples you have no tie, no friends, no property, to interest you—will you then become a Frenchman, take my name, and make your home in Provence? If you can agree to this, you will make me die happy; for—it may be a weakness—but I feel that if you remain in Naples, one day or other, by some chance, the degrading tale of my unworthy conduct may reach the ears of poor Cecile, and with her sensitive feelings, I am convinced she could not survive the knowledge."

The old man's voice here became inarticulate, and he shortly after expired in the arms of his daughter. Constantino determined to respect De Montemar's dying request; and shortly after his union with Cecile, they bade adieu to Naples, and sailed for France, where they established themselves. Constantino faithfully kept his promise, and his wife never suspected the fatal secret. The bronze horse still remains in the court of the Palazzo Cavallo, where it may be seen by all curious inquirers. The legend respecting it is probably now almost forgotten, or treated as a fable, unless by those who are so fond of the marvellous as to give eager credence to all such ancient records.

"THE TOURIST OF THE WOODS."

The transplanting of a large number of the Celtic population of the Highlands to Canada, has had the effect of introducing Gaelic as a vernacular tongue into North America, and of perpetuating in that distant land many traditions respecting the home country, which are perhaps already lost in Scotland. This localisation of Celts, still using their original and ancient language, in the woods of America, is, we think, an exceedingly interesting fact in the progress of races. That this tongue will at no distant day disappear and be superseded in America, as it has been at home, by the more serviceable language of England, there cannot be the smallest doubt; in the meanwhile, however, it is gratifying to know, that our Celtic brethren across the Atlantic are not by any means shut out from the blessings of literature, because they cannot read our common English. They have Bibles in Gaelic; clergymen preach to them in Gaelic; and during the last year they have had a Gaelic newspaper—*Cuairtear nan Coille*, or "The Tourist of the Woods." This paper, which is published weekly at Kingston, and has, appropriately enough, for its motto, *Clann nan Gaidheal an gualibh a cheile*—"Highlanders shoulder to shoulder," is designed to circulate useful information among the Scotch-Celtic immigrants on the subjects of labour, agriculture, improvement of lands, the best fields of industry, means of transport from place to place, &c., together with a

large share of matter of mere amusement, chiefly relative to the old country. We observe, from a number before us, that in future a portion of the paper is to consist of English translations of the principal articles in Gaelic, for the benefit of those immigrants who do not understand the Gaelic tongue.

While expressing our best wishes for the success of this creditable effort to improve the condition of emigrants from the Scottish Highlands, we cannot imagine that any means could be more advantageously employed for keeping alive the warmest feelings of patriotism towards the mother country in our North American possessions.

POPULAR ENGLISH FESTIVALS.

ST VALENTINE'S DAY.

ST VALENTINE'S DAY is the 14th of February. It is now almost every where, we suspect, a degenerated festival, the only observance of any note consisting merely of the sending of jocular anonymous letters to parties whom one wishes to *quiz*, and this confined very much to the humbler classes. The approach of the day is now heralded by the appearance in the print-sellers' shop windows of vast numbers of missives calculated for use on this occasion, each generally consisting of a single sheet of post paper, on the first page of which is seen some ridiculous coloured caricature of the male or female figure, with a few burlesque verses below. More rarely, the print is of a sentimental kind, such as a view of Hymen's altar, with a pair undergoing an initiation into wedded happiness before it, while Cupid flutters above, and hearts transfixed with his darts decorate the corners. Maid-servants and young fellows interchange such epistles with each other on the 14th of February, no doubt conceiving that the joke is amazingly good; and, generally, the newspapers do not fail to record that the London postmen delivered so many hundred thousand more letters on that day than they do in general. Such is nearly the whole extent of the observances now peculiar to St Valentine's Day.

At no remote period it was very different. Ridiculous letters were unknown; and, if letters of any kind were sent, they contained only a courteous profession of attachment from some young man to some young maiden, honeyed with a few compliments to her various perfections, and expressive of a hope that his love might meet with return. But the true proper ceremony of St Valentine's Day was the drawing of a kind of lottery, followed by ceremonies not much unlike what is generally called the game of forfeits. Misson, a learned traveller, of the early part of the last century, gives apparently a correct account of the principal ceremonial of the day. "On the eve of St Valentine's Day," he says, "the young folks in England and Scotland, by a very ancient custom, celebrate a little festival. An equal number of maids and bachelors get together; each writes their true or some feigned name upon separate billets, which they roll up, and draw by way of lots, the maids taking the men's billets, and the men the maids'; so that each of the young men lights upon a girl that he calls his *valentine*, and each of the girls upon a young man whom she calls hers. By this means each has two valentines; but the man sticks faster to the valentine that is fallen to him than to the valentine to whom he is fallen. Fortune having thus divided the company into so many couples, the valentines give balls and treats to their mistresses, wear their billets several days upon their bosoms or sleeves, and this little sport often ends in love."

A more recent writer states how the ceremony was conducted, not many years ago, in a rural situation in the south of Scotland. This person, with a friend, had wandered from his road on the evening of the 14th February, and at last was obliged to apply for the hospitality of the inhabitant of a modest mansion which chance threw in his way. "The good man heard our story, welcomed us to a seat beside a blazing fire of wood and turf, and appeared delighted with our coming. We found ourselves in the house of rendezvous for the lads and lasses of a neighbouring village to celebrate St Valentine's Eve. Our entrance had damped the pleasantry, and inquisitive eyes were directed towards us: it was our business to become familiar with our new acquaintances, and the pastimes were renewed. Our sudden appearance had disturbed the progress of the village schoolmaster, who had finished writing on small slips of paper the names of each of the blooming lasses of the village. Each lad had dictated the name of her he loved. These precious slips of paper were now put into a bag and well mixed together, and each youth drew out a ticket,

with hope that it might, and fear lest it should not, be the name of his sweetheart. This was repeated three times; the third time was the conclusion of this part of the sport. Some drew beloved names of the third time with rapturous joy, others drew names of certain respectable widows and old ladies of the village, introduced by the art of the schoolmaster, and the victims mourned their unpitied, derided sufferings. After the lasses, the names of the young men were written and drawn by the girls in the same manner, and a threefold success was secretly hailed as a sure-ship of bearing the name of the fortunate youth. The drawing of this lottery was succeeded by the essence of the amusement, for the valentines were to be 'relieved.' The relieving of the valentine was a scene of high amusement. Each young man had a right to kiss the girl whose name he drew, and at the same time deliver to her the slip of paper; the mirth of this ceremony was excessive. Those who were drawn, and not present, were to be relieved with a gift of inconsiderable value, as a token of regard."

In that curious record of domestic life in England in the reign of Charles II., Pepys's Diary, we find some notable illustrations of this old custom of relieving valentines. It appears that married and single were then alike liable to be chosen as a valentine, and that a present was regularly given to the choosing party. Mr Pepys enters in his diary, that on Valentine's Day, 1667, "This morning came up to my wife's bedside (I being up dressing myself) little Will Mercer to her valentine, and brought her name written upon blue paper in gold letters, done by himself, very pretty; and we were both well pleased with it. But I am also this year my wife's valentine, and it will cost me L.5; but that I must have laid out if we had not been valentines." Two days after, he adds—"I find that Mrs Pierce's little girl is my valentine, she having drawn me; which I was not sorry for, it easing me of something more that I must have given to others. But here I do first observe the fashion of drawing of mottoes as well as names, so that Pierce, who drew my wife, did draw also a motto, and this girl drew another for me. What mine was, I forget; but my wife's was 'Most courteous and most fair,' which, as it may be used, or an anagram upon each name, might be very pretty." Noticing, soon afterwards, the jewels of the celebrated Miss Stuart, who became Duchess of Richmond, he says—"The Duke of York, being once her valentine, did give her a jewel of about L.500; and my Lord Mandeville, her valentine this year, a ring of about L.300." These presents were undoubtedly given in order to relieve the obligation under which the being drawn as valentines had placed the donors. In February 1668, Pepys notes as follows—"This evening my wife did with great pleasure show me her stock of jewels, increased by the ring she hath made lately, as my valentine's gift this year, a Turkey-stone set with diamonds. With this, and what she had, she reckons that she hath above one hundred and fifty pounds' worth of jewels of one kind or other; and I am glad of it, for it is fit the wretch should have something to content herself with." The reader will understand wretch to be used as a term of endearment.

Notwithstanding the practice of relieving, there seems to have been a disposition to believe that the person drawn as a valentine had some considerable likelihood of becoming the associate of the party in wedlock. At least, we may suppose that this idea would be gladly and easily arrived at, where the party so drawn was at all eligible from other considerations. There was, it appears, a prevalent notion amongst the common people, that this was the day on which the birds selected their mates. They seem to have imagined that an influence was inherent in the day, which rendered in some degree binding the lot or chance by which any youth or maid was now led to fix his attention on a person of the opposite sex. It was supposed, for instance, that the first unmarried person of the other sex whom one met on St Valentine's morning in walking abroad, was a destined wife or a destined husband. Thus Gay makes a rural dame remark—

"Last Valentine, the day when birds of kind
Their paramours with mutual chirpings find,
I early rose just at the break of day,
Before the sun had chased the stars away:
A-field I went, amid the morning dew,
To milk my kine (for so should housewives do).
There first I spied—and the first swain we see,
In spite of Fortune shall our true-love be."

A forward miss in the *Connoisseur*, a series of essays published in 1754-6, thus adverts to other notions with respect to the day:—"Last Friday was Valentine's Day, and the night before, I got five bay-leaves, and pinned four of them to the four corners of my pillow, and the fifth to the middle; and then, if I dreamt of my sweetheart, Betty said we should be married before the year was out. But to make it more sure, I boiled an egg hard, and took out the yolk, and filled it with salt; and when I went to bed, ate it, shell and all, without speaking or drinking after it. We also wrote our lovers' names upon bits of paper, and rolled them up in clay, and put them into water; and the first that rose up was to be our valentine. Would you think it!—Mr Blossom was my man. I lay a-bed and shut my eyes all the morning, till he came to our house; for I would not have seen another man before him for all the world."

St Valentine's Day is alluded to by Shakspeare and by Chaucer, and also by the poet Lydgate (who died in 1440), who thus writes—

"Seynte Valentine. Of custome yere by yere
Men have an usance, in this regiou,
To loke and serche Cupides kalendere;
And chose theyr choyse, by grete affection;
Such as ben meue with Cupides mocoun,
Takyng theyre choyse as theyr sort doth falle:
But I love oon whiche excolith all."

One of the earliest known writers of valentines, or poetical amorous addresses for this day, was Charles Duke of Orleans, who was taken at the battle of Agincourt. Drayton, a poet of Shakspeare's time, full of great but almost unknown beauties, wrote thus charmingly

TO HIS VALENTINE.

"Muse, bid the morn awake,
Sad winter now declines,
Each bird doth choose a mate,
This day's St Valentine's;
For that good bishop's sake
Get up, and let us see,
What beauty it shall be
That fortune us assigns.
But lo! in happy hour,
The place wherein she lies,
In yonder climbing tower
Gilt by the glittering rise;
Oh, Jove! that in a shower,
As once that thunderer did,
When he in drops lay hid,
That I could her surprise!
Her canopy I'll draw,
With spangled plumes bedight,
No mortal ever saw
So ravishing a sight;
That if the gods might awe,
And powerfully transpire
The globe universe,
Out-shooting every light.
My lips I'll softly lay
Upon her heavenly cheek,
Dyed like the dawning day,
As polish'd ivory sleek:
And in her ear I'll say,
"Oh thou bright morning-star,
'Tis I that come so far,
My valentine to seek.
Each little bird, this tide,
Doth choose her loved peer,
Which constantly abide
In wedlock all the year,
As nature is their guide:
So may we two be true
This year, nor change for new,
As turtles coupled were.
Let's laugh at them that choose
Their valentines by lot;
To wear their names that use,
Whom idly they have got.
Such poor choice we refuse,
Saint Valentine befriend;
We thus this morn may spend,
Else, Muse, awake her not."

Donne, another poet of the same age, remarkable for rich though scattered beauties, writes an epithalamium on the marriage of the Princess Elizabeth to Frederick Count Palatine of the Rhine—the marriage which gave the present royal family to the throne—and which took place on St Valentine's Day, 1614. The opening is fine—

"Hail, Bishop Valentine! whose day this is;
All the air is thy diocese,
And all the chirping choristers
And other birds are thy parishioners:
Thou marryest every year
The lyric lark and the grave whispering dove;
The sparrow that neglects his life for love,
The household bird with the red stomacher;
Thou mak'st the blackbird speed as soon
As doth the goldfinch or the halcyon—
This day, more cheerfully than ever shine,
This day which might inflame thyself, old Valentine!"

The origin of these peculiar observances of St Valentine's Day is a subject of some obscurity. The saint himself, who was a priest of Rome, martyred in the third century, seems to have had nothing to do with the matter, beyond the accident of his day being used for the purpose. Mr Douce, in his *Illustrations of Shakspeare*, says—"It was the practice in ancient Rome, during a great part of the month of February, to celebrate the Lupercalia, which were feasts in honour of Pan and Juno, whence the latter deity was named Februa, Februus, and Februa. On this occasion, amidst a variety of ceremonies, the names of young women were put into a box, from which they were drawn by the men as chance directed. The pastors of the early Christian church, who, by every possible means, endeavoured to eradicate the vestiges of pagan superstitions, and chiefly by some commutations of their forms, substituted, in the present instance, the names of particular saints instead of those of the women; and as the festival of the Lupercalia had commenced about the middle of February, they appear to have chosen St Valentine's Day for celebrating the new feast, because it occurred nearly at the same time. This is, in part, the opinion of a learned and rational compiler of the 'Lives of the Saints,' the Rev. Alban Butler. It should seem, however, that it was utterly impossible to extirpate altogether any ceremony to which the common people had been much accustomed—a fact which it were easy to prove in tracing the origin of various other popular superstitions. And, accordingly, the outline of the ancient ceremonies was preserved, but modified by some adaptation to the Christian system. It is reasonable to suppose, that the above practice of

choosing mates would gradually become reciprocal in the sexes, and that all persons so chosen would be called Valentines, from the day on which the ceremony took place."

A FEW WEEKS ON THE CONTINENT.

BASEL TO BADEN-EN-SUISSE.

We took leave of the reader just after having entered Basle,* to the close neighbourhood of which we had been rapidly transferred by the railway train from Straßburg. We were then, at last, in Switzerland—we had reached the land of hills, and Alpine glaciers, and picturesque valleys, after a long though not uninteresting journey from the banks of the Scheldt; and the proper business of our excursion may be said now to have commenced.

The time of our entrance to the ancient city of Basle was a beautiful Sunday afternoon, and well calculated to show us a feature in the manners of the place. All the shops, except those in which fruit, tobacco, or other trifles were sold, were closed, and the streets, composed of tall stone houses, many of which possessed well-stanchioned windows, wore an air of tranquil decorum. Yet there was not that austerity which I had been taught to expect in the habits of the people. At a number of the doors sat groups of two or three females, in their best attire, enjoying the calm and rather sultry evening; fountains of pure water gushed forth in heavy jets, giving an air of liveliness to the thoroughfares; and hundreds of men and women were crowding homewards from festivities beyond the barriers. The government, it appears, is rigorous in enforcing Sabbath observance; but as France, with its merry piping village of St Louis, is within two miles of the gates of the town, and Baden lies at a short distance on the other side of the river, the law, as it may be supposed, is somewhat limited in its operation.

One of the first places to which we wandered in the course of the evening was the bridge across the Rhine, where a front view of the town, sloping down the steep bank to the river, gives a good idea of the place. The appearance of the Rhine is startling. It comes rolling from the upper country, a beautiful light green flood, of about a hundred yards in breadth, and in passing presses close upon the foundations of the houses on the lower part of the sloping hill on the left, and by a bend is speedily lost in the flat country on the right. Many of the houses being painted white, with green jalousies, and the upper parts of the town being decorated with spires, or jagged with peculiar-shaped edifices, the scene is both lively and impressive. Immediately below the bridge, at a slip of quay, rests the small steamer which conveys passengers to and from Straßburg, on certain days of the week; but beyond this it does not go, in consequence of the impetuosity of the stream. The bridge, stretching boldly across the river, is constructed chiefly of wood, supported on stone piers, and seems placed in a perilous situation; yet it is of great antiquity, and has withstood numberless shocks during the floods of spring, when the snow-clad peaks begin to send down their annual tribute of waters. At the further end of the bridge, is a small town called Little Basle, where we observed much less appearance of decorum than in its larger prototype; estaminets were crowded with smokers, and outside a coffee-room, on the brink of the river, there were spread a number of small tables, at which persons were enjoying themselves, in a free and easy way, with cigars and the light wines of the country.

Not at all disposed to prolong our investigations on the present occasion, we quietly took refuge at our hotel, and made Basle the subject of more minute examination on the morrow, when the town had resumed its every-day appearance. In the course of our rambles, and in whichever direction we penetrated, it was gratifying to observe an air of great substantiality and wealth; another distinction is appreciated, in comparison with French towns—we see few soldiers, and these of a respectable appearance, and there is on all sides a more wholesome atmosphere of trade and industry. The principal manufacture in the town is that of ribbons, which are as beautiful as those of France, and are exported on a large scale. The town has long been reputed as one of the richest places in Europe for its size (about 22,000 inhabitants), and it continues to be the residence of a set of cautious money-lenders, who exert an influence even over the distant exchanges of Amsterdam and Paris. A number of them, also, are understood to have lent capital to establish and support factories in Mulhausen and Alsace (the adjacent part of France), where the fabrication of tissues of various kinds is at present conducted on a scale resembling that of any English manufacturing district. The ribbon manufacture was considerably benefited by the settlement of weavers from France in the year 1685, when, by the revocation of the edict of Nantes, Louis XIV. drove great numbers of Protestants into other countries for protection. At present, nearly 12,000 individuals are believed to be engaged in this trade in Basle and its neighbourhood. The business is conducted on an enterprising but not rash scale; bankruptcies are of rare occurrence; and the workmen are generally in comfortable

circumstances. A considerable number of them are proprietors of the cottages in which they reside, and for the last thirty years they have supported a Savings' Bank, which is rich in accumulated earnings. The government of the canton, with judicious consideration, takes care that no citizen shall grow up in a state of ignorance dangerous to the community—parents are compelled, on pain of imprisonment, to send their children to school until their tenth or twelfth year; and for those who cannot afford to pay, the education is gratis. Besides the higher academies, there are several schools at which special instruction is given in drawing, ornamental design, &c., in order to improve the tastes and habits of the operative classes.

Murray, I don't know with what truth, tells us that, when somewhat more ardently religious than at present, the piety and mercantile spirit of the tradesmen of Basle were remarkably exhibited in the mottoes and signs placed over their doors; one of these blazons, over the threshold of a butcher, is recorded to have had the following appendage of elegant verification:—

"Wacht auf ihr Menschen und thut Bas; Ich heiss zum Goldenen Rinderfuss."

Which may be translated—

"Wake, and repent your sins with grief; I'm call'd the Golden Shin of Beef."

We did not see any thing of this sort, but observed a tolerably well-filled flesh-market, considering it was Monday morning, and the bakers' shops already steamed with shelves of substantial loaves, the price of which, as we observed by tickets outside, was regulated by a magisterial tariff. All tourists speak admiringly of the fountains of Basle. They are, indeed, pretty and refreshing; and one wonders where all the water comes from. Yet, after all, these fountains are a barbarous mode of supplying a town with water; and it would be infinitely more to the purpose to introduce pipes and cisterns into every dwelling-house. A peculiarity is here for the first time observed in the construction of the houses, which continues through all Switzerland, and is a natural consequence of surrounding towns with walls. I allude to the practice of devoting the lower floors as stables, and, to make the matter worse, causing the entrance to these receptacles to be under the roof of the same small covered court into which certain windows of the dwelling-house above are opened. We had an opportunity of enjoying this very agreeable proximity to the cavalry of the establishment in the Drei Könige; and in almost every house we slept in for the succeeding four weeks, we were equally fortunate. As in Edinburgh, where the vicious fashion of building tall houses has been perpetuated long after the necessity for huddling up the population within a given space had passed away, so, in the Swiss towns, the fashion of making stables in the lower storeys, even of the finest residences, is much too inveterate to be easily swept away. With this peculiarity as a drawback, we perceived sundry instances of improvement in architecture, and had occasion to admire an elegant suite of buildings, recently erected in the higher and more open part of the town, for the university.

Basle is a very small state, consisting, in fact, of little else than the town. Anciently, the city, with its adjacent territory, formed a part of the German empire; but in 1501 it was admitted into the Swiss confederation, from which time till 1798, when the French altered the face of affairs, it was a republic managed by an aristocracy of citizens. On the 20th of January 1798, the burgo-master and grand council thought fit to enact, that all citizens in town and country should possess equal privileges; and all, accordingly, benefited by this decree till 1814, when its provisions were reversed, and the aristocracy of the town resumed their former superiority, leaving the country without an adequate representation. Now commenced a regular storm of politics, country *census* town, which lasted till 1830, when the second French Revolution giving encouragement to the party who had been thrust out of power, the quarrel was referred to the argument of sword and bullet. It was a most distressing thing to see this ancient republic, of about twelve square miles and 40,000 inhabitants, breaking into civil war; but all the remonstrances of the diet failed to bring about an amicable settlement. The town made some concessions, but the day was gone by for half measures; and, after a world of wrangling, in August 1833, the town forces, amounting to several thousand men, with 12 pieces of artillery, marched against those of the country. The movement was badly conducted; the *campagnards* or countrymen defeated them by a sudden onslaught; and the Basleois, completely routed, left 100 men dead on the field. The diet now took energetic measures to settle the disturbances, and ordained a separation into two cantons, called Basle Ville and Basle Campagne, the latter consisting of two-thirds of the original canton. Each sends a deputy to the diet; but the two make only one vote when they agree, and if they differ, the vote is not to be reckoned. By this arrangement, the town of Basle retains its constitution; having first, in order to secure it, lost a hundred citizens, and entailed upon itself that invariable attendant on wars—a public debt.

After seeing all that we thought worth looking at in the town, we gladly left its confined streets, and set off on our excursion in the voiture of a *lohnkutscher*. A *lohnkutscher* is one who owns a carriage and a pair of horses, which he lets out for hire, occasionally him-

self acting as driver. Around every inn you see a crowd of such persons; and I rather believe the hotel-keepers give them and their horses free quarters, as a premium for bringing customers. The *lohnkutscher* is a civil fellow, generally speaks French, has no particular dress, and is on the whole not extortionate. His regular fare is twenty francs per day, provided you bring him back to where you started; but as this is seldom the case, he practically receives thirty francs per day, ten francs being counted for back fare. If he behave well, which he is almost certain to do, you give him a gratuity of two or three francs over and above his stipulated charge. He will accommodate himself to all the whims of the *voyageur*—start at any hour, stop where he wishes to come out and walk, and will take him in a leisurely way from thirty to forty miles in the day, including a stoppage of an hour somewhere for dinner. We were fortunate in picking up a singularly good-humoured person to take us in charge, Louis by name; and, being a native of Vaud, French was his vernacular tongue. Louis was a highly respectable man, dressed, when on duty, like a substantial yeoman, in a round hat and olive-coloured greatcoat, and only shifting into a blue linen blouse when engaged in the business of the stable. With respect to manners, he was an agreeable mixture of German steadiness with French acuteness and civility. Whenever we came within sight of any scene of historical interest or picturesque beauty, Louis's laughing round face was turned round to the carriage, and, with whip outstretched to the spot, he obligingly opened his store of knowledge on the subject.

Under the auspices, then, of this useful conductor, behold us sallying from the garrisoned portal of Basle, on our way to Zurich, which lies at the distance of fifty-three English miles, in a south-easterly direction. Excellent as were Louis's horses, it would have been impossible to proceed that length in a single day, even had it been desirable; and our minds were at any rate made up to take the journey quite leisurely, visiting, as we went along, the highly interesting union of the three great tributaries of the Rhine—the Aar, the Reuss, and the Limmat; and stopping for the night at the comparatively little-known watering-place of Baden in Argau, or, as it is called by the French, Baden-en-Suisse.

Our route lay for several miles over an undulating piece of country, with the Rhine on our left, and uplands and hills of various heights on our right. The view of the light-green river, occasionally procured through openings in the bushes and sloping banks, with the open country of Baden beyond, backed by the hilly range of the Black Forest, was very pleasing; but not more so than rich green hill-sides and vales on our right, all evidently devoted to some useful purpose in husbandry, and here and there dotted with masses of trees. We now began to see cottages and farm-houses standing alone, both by the roadside and at a distance. It was also apparent that there was nothing here like those large seigniorial tenures which are common in Baden. The country was partitioned into fields, under tolerable culture, for grain crops; and many parts were thickly studded with vineyards, that looked more promising than what I had seen farther down the Rhine. The farms, I was told, seldom exceeded forty acres, and they were generally not more than half of that size; being, for the greater part, the property of those who cultivated them, we had now an opportunity of seeing in actual practice that division of property which has been often described as the perfection of the social condition. I shall not generalise at present on this much-debated question, and content myself with saying, that, in the course of the day's journey, a new light broke in upon our ideas of Swiss romance. The cottages of the peasantry, I regret to say, were any thing but cleanly or decent in external aspect, and sundry villages we passed through would have vied, in point of dirtiness, with the dirtiest village in Scotland. At one of the largest of these villages or small towns, called Frick, we were brought to a halt to dinner about one o'clock; the sun glaring with intolerable splendour, and the heat excessive. Not a soul was astray on the burning street, as we descended at the door of what we found to be a good and well-provided inn. Nothing was to be seen alive but a few stray hens scratching on the numerous dunghills, or ducks paddling in the green stagnant pools with which every habitation was provided. With a temperature at nearly 100 degrees Fahrenheit in the sun, I leave any one to judge if this could be called a wholesome state of affairs.

The continuation of our ride was through a country which improved in interest as we advanced; and being now in the Roman Catholic canton of Argau or Argovie, churchyards full of glittering crosses, and figures by the roadside, were occasionally passed. Having wound our way up a long ascent between two woody hills, a splendid view burst upon us at the summit of the vale of the beautiful winding Aar. In the extreme distance on the east, high ranges of hills formed a background to the scene; farther in front, on the top of a craggy height, stood the castle of Hapsburg, the cradle of the imperial family of Austria, now a few jagged ruins; beneath, and still nearer us, was the Aar, pursuing a serpentine course amidst richly-clothed banks; and, descending the long sloping path, we saw it pass onward to the town of Brugg, beyond which it vanished round a corner of a vine-clad steep. Brugg, to which we were soon brought, lies in a hollow on both sides of the river,

* The proper pronunciation of this word is *Basel*, though the French pronunciation, *Basle*, is also common.

and is neat and substantial in appearance. Here we crossed the Aar; and, at the distance of little more than a mile beyond the town, came upon the equally if not more beautiful vale of the Reuss; then, crossing this stream also, at a short distance beyond, having gained another rising ground, we had before us the river Limmat, rolling onward through a similarly beautiful vale. The spectacle was striking, and telling Louis to give the horses a rest, we descended to examine it at our leisure. Advancing from the road to a position where we could command the most advantageous view, the three valleys lay stretched out in their varying sinuosities before us, the mountainous country on the south, whence the waters originated, gradually declining in height, till the dividing boundaries of the three rivers melted into a common centre, and the waters were conjoined into a single stream. These waters are the drainage of all central and northern Switzerland, and we afterwards had occasion to visit their main sources—the lakes of Brienz and Thun, whence issues the Aar; the lakes of Zug and Lucerne, which contribute the Reuss; and the lake of Zurich, which sends forth the Limmat. All are of a lightish green colour, and to our eye the Reuss appeared the largest of the trio. In the race to effect a junction of streams, the Reuss also falls first into the Aar, which, thus vastly increased, runs on a short way till struck upon by the Limmat; the Aar, therefore, has the honour of imparting its name to the united waters, which, after flowing a distance of ten miles to the north, fall into the Rhine and double it in size; the other or primary branch of the Rhine being a similar drainage from above the lake of Constance, and flowing by Schaffhausen to this spot, where it is thus so largely increased.

We spent so much time over this scene of beauty, and I should add historical interest—for the spot before us, on the peninsula formed by the junction of the Aar and the Reuss, was in early ages the site of the great Roman station of Vindonissa, within the broad limits of which, in after times, rose the castle of Hapsburg—that twilight began to draw its curtain around us, while still several miles from our resting-place for the night; and resuming our journey, by a road up the left side of the Limmat, which impetuously shot on its way between high woody banks, the broad disk of the autumnal moon rose over the distant eminences, and, guided by its gentle light, we arrived in due time at the gates of Baden.

Here there was some little difficulty. Originally built under the shadow of a feudal castle on an adjoining height, now in ruins, Baden is at present a walled town, greatly deteriorated by poverty, and we had no wish to have any thing to do with it. A huge vaulted portal, in its decayed wall, stood hospitably open, the doors having been long since removed, and the idea of defence laid aside; but this offered no inducement for our entering the place, and, conducted by Louis, we turned off by a path to the left in search of the boarding-houses at the springs—in fact, the true or practical Baden, the ancient town being only Baden theoretical. Our way was down a long declivity closely overhanging the Limmat, which we heard rushing beneath us, but could scarcely see, as the lofty bank on the farther side shut out the moon's beams from the profound hollow into which we were slowly descending. By Louis's care, we were at length safely landed within the courtyard of the Stadthof, an extensive hotel and boarding-house.

On the morrow, when awakened by the sound of voices without, we found ourselves lodged in a building most romantically situated within the margin of the river, and which was evidently crowded with visitors. We had seen no scene so singular since leaving home. The small town was composed of an irregular cluster of buildings of high and low degree, but mostly hotels of great size, planted at the bottom of the steep bank, and leaving only space for a shady promenade along the side of the Limmat. On the opposite or left bank the ground was equally precipitous, but facing the south was laid out principally as vineyards, with a strip of a village at the foot, to which a wooden bridge gave the readiest access. Among the various hotels and lodging-houses in different quarters, there was a concourse of visitors from Germany as well as distant cantons of Switzerland, fully as numerous as at Spa, but much less distinguished than at Baden-Baden.

The spot has been celebrated since the days of the Romans for its sanative waters, which are hot and of a sulphureous quality. There are sixteen springs, all rising within perhaps thirty feet of the river: one gushes out near the walls of the Stadthof, within the bed of the stream, and has been covered with a neat stone building, from which the water is drawn for the use of the baths. The aggregate quantity of water thrown up is about a hundred gallons per minute, the springs flowing with equal vigour and heat both day and night. The temperature, if I might judge from feeling, was about 90 degrees Fahrenheit. Every hotel has a spring and baths, the former rushing out as an ever-running fountain in an open court or covered arcade, to which all residents have access. For the benefit of the public, or, properly speaking, visitors of a poorer order, there is a free fountain in the confined patch of street, and here in early morning hundreds were in attendance. I was told that the sending of poor patients to the baths and springs is performed as a conscientious duty by the authorities of almost every canton; public contributions are also made at the bath-houses for the benefit of the humbler order of

visitants. Some idea of the great estimation in which the waters are held, may be obtained from the fact that between the 6th of June and 26th of September 1840, 19,530 persons had arrived and spent more or less time in attendance. The bulk of the residents at the time of our visit were a more respectable body of people than we saw any where else in Switzerland in one spot. There were apparently few or no French or English; and the amusements consisted either in loitering about the beautiful banks of the Limmat or making excursions in chairs and on the backs of donkeys to various scenes of interest in the neighbourhood.

THE KNIGHTS OF MALTA.

THE institution of the Knights of Malta was one of greater importance and utility in its day than is generally imagined. However slight may be the merit accruing from the Crusades for the recovery of the Holy Land, they are entitled to share in it largely; but they have higher claims, of a much later date, upon the gratitude of the Christian world. Almost by the unaided exertions of this band of brothers, the Ottoman power was held in check, and its extension materially impeded, on the eastern coasts of Europe. This was a great service to the whole of that continent. The Knights of Malta effected, on the bosom of the Mediterranean, what John Sobieski effected on the plains of Austria; and their names should be embalmed along with his in the memory of Christendom.

Towards the middle of the eleventh century, when the Holy Land was entirely in the power of the Mahomedans, the Egyptian caliph, Monstaser-Billah, was induced to permit the erection of a Christian chapel in the city of Jerusalem, with two hospitals, one of them dedicated to St John the Almoner. These were intended for the relief of the numerous pilgrims who then visited Palestine from all Christian countries. After Godfrey of Bouillon conquered the Holy City in 1099, the Hospital of St John became a place of great note as an establishment for healing the wounded and the sick, and was converted by Gerard, its rector, from a secular to a religious institution. He, with his brothers and sisters of charity, formally abjured the world, and assumed as their dress a black gown, having on the left breast a white cross. At the same time, a number of illustrious crusaders, burning with pious zeal, entered the body; and Godfrey of Bouillon endowed it with lands in Brabant. His example was speedily followed by other princes and barons of Europe, until the order grew wealthy, and founded many new houses both in Asia and Europe. The next step was the conjunction of the military with the religious character. Raymond du Puis succeeded to the rectorship; and, having been a brave soldier in his day, he was induced, by the reiterated attacks made on the Christians at their first settlement in the East, to propose to his companions, most of them old soldiers like himself, to join the profession of arms to their other duties. The summons sounded like a trumpet in the ears of the veterans, and Raymond du Puis became the first Grand-master of the Order of the Knights-Hospitallers of St John. Three classes were established in the order—that of the Knights, who were required, at first at least, to prove a noble extraction; that of Chaplains, who were non-military; and that of Half-Knights, or Serving Brothers, who were not of high birth, and whose duties lay both in the hospital and the field. The establishment of commanderies, as the houses were called, in different countries, rendered it proper to establish divisions called Languages in the order, as one for England, one for Germany, and so on. These were at first seven, and finally nine in number. Noble youths from all Europe soon swelled the order of the Hospitallers into a numerous force, and one of great strength, in times when a single mounted knight, cased in armour, was a match for half a dozen of the ordinary soldiery. Their wealth also enabled them to hire large bodies of mercenaries to aid in their enterprises; and their European houses, or commanderies, served as depôts, whence auxiliaries were continually drafted to the wars.

This formidable body remained in Palestine during the entire period of its occupation, complete or partial, by the Latin Christians, witnessing the whole of the nine crusades, rendered necessary by the inveterate determination of the Mahomedans to recover their lost possessions. During all this time, they existed but to fight, having scarcely one month of perfect repose; and in fight they exhibited the most desperate valour on all occasions, though the abstemiousness of their rules was relaxed by degrees. They remained in the Holy Land after kings and barons had all yielded up the cause in despair. At length, in the year 1291, the Sultan Saladin drove them from their last stronghold of Saint John d'Acre, and compelled them to take refuge in Cyprus, then under a Latin king. They there summoned all their commanderies to send members and supplies, and were soon enabled once more to establish themselves as a powerful naval as well as military body. Their views were to harass the Mahomedans of Syria and Egypt by sea. One expedition more they made against the Saracens of Jerusalem; but they found both that city, and the other fortresses of the country, to be in so ruinous a state, that the approach of the Egyptian sultan forced them to fly to their ships. It was immediately after this step that Fulk de Villaret, twenty-fourth grand-

master of the order, seeing the hopelessness of any secure settlement of it on lands not its own, projected a great and important conquest—that of the island of Rhodes. Rhodes is about one hundred and twenty miles in circumference, and close on the coast of Asia Minor. It was at this time nominally a possession of the Greek emperor, Andronicus; but in reality was in the power of Saracenic pirates, mixed with Greeks of the same stamp. Fulk de Villaret gathered his war-galleys, and made a bold descent on the isle. The resistance was obstinate, and years elapsed ere the knights succeeded in planting the standard of the white cross on the walls of Rhodes. But they persisted in the siege till they made it their own.

The fate of the Knights Templars, almost at this very moment, showed the importance and necessity of such a fixed settlement. Returning to its European commanderies, this wealthy order, the rival of that of the Hospitallers in fame and power, became soon a subject of jealousy and avaricious envy to the monarchs of the time, and especially to Philip of France. In concert with the pope, that sovereign, under colour of forged charges of criminality, wrested its property from the order, and subjected its members to imprisonment, tortures, and death. Other countries also abolished the order, but without the same accompanying barbarities. Philip of France was partly disappointed, for the Pope forced him to accede to a general edict, giving the Templar possessions to the Knights of St John.

The latter body was greatly increased in power by these accessions, and it became more common than ever for the younger nobility of Europe to enter the order of the Hospitallers. Riches brought with it augmented luxury and many evils, but the knights were still kept in high military condition. A new race of the followers of Mahomed appeared against them. Othman (the Bone-Breaker), who gave a permanent name to the Turkish nation, possessed, with a tribe of Turkomans, the region of Asia Minor adjoining Rhodes. He attacked the knights in their city; but, though one of the most tried and renowned warriors of his race, he failed to make the slightest impression on them. Similar assaults were renewed in more alarming shapes in the course of the years immediately succeeding. Betwixt the year 1310, when the order settled at Rhodes, and the year 1453, when the Turks took Constantinople, and founded a new empire, the Knights of St John fought many great battles, by sea and land, with the two Mahomedan powers in their neighbourhood, the Egyptian and Turkish. It is amazing to reflect, that this comparatively small body of men should not only have foiled so many efforts made by these powerful sovereignties to reduce them and take their stronghold, but should have even obtained possession of Cos and other Greek islands, captured Smyrna and held it for a long period, and made various expeditions against Syria and other places, as if possessed of the population and resources of a strong and warlike nation. They proved an unextractible thorn in the sides of the foes of Christianity.

Our space will only permit of a mere sketch being given of the career of the order; but we may allude specially to one event, the most important in its annals. The hour came at length for the fall of Rhodes, after the knights had held it for more than two hundred years. Solyman the Magnificent resolved at any price to oust them from their stronghold. We quote from Sutherland's history of the order, in the passage that follows. In June 1522, "a signal from Mount St Stephen intimated to the Rhodians that the Turkish fleet was in sight. Countless sails studded the Lycian Strait; and tumult and wailing instantly rose from every quarter of the city. The gates were formally shut, and public prayers were offered up in the churches, imploring Heaven to grant the victory to the champions of the Cross. This done, the whole population hurried to the ramparts and towers, to behold the terrible armament that threatened them with destruction. Four hundred sail swept past the mouth of the haven with the pomp and circumstance of a triumphal pageant; and on board this mighty fleet were 140,000 soldiers, exclusive of 60,000 serfs, torn from the forests of the Danube, to serve as pioneers." Six hundred knights, with less than five thousand regular troops, and a comparatively weak body of citizens and peasants, formed the whole force prepared to oppose this immense armament, the leader of which, Solyman in person, told his troops that he had come to Rhodes "to conquer or die." For upwards of three months, the most awful scenes of carnage took place daily, after the siege had begun. For one man who fell among the knights, twenty fell among the Turks; but even this proportion was ruinous to the former. In one assault, fifteen thousand Turks were slain. By degrees, every one of the ramparts of Rhodes was in ruins, yet still the knights and their grand-master, a venerable old man, were unconquerable. They filled the breaches with their mailed bodies. Frequently, Solyman half-resolved to give up the struggle, and frequently he threatened his officers with death for their want of success. He proposed various capitulations, and by capitulation was the siege finally closed. The knights were unvanquished, but Rhodes was untenable. Twelve days were given them to embark their property; and, on the 1st of January 1523, the remnant of the Rhodian Christians went on board their galleys, a homeless band. Before that departure, Solyman, who had in him great points of character, sought an interview with L'Isle

Adam, the grand-master. "For a time the two warriors eyed each other with piercing glances. The venerable and majestic port of the grand-master won the admiration of the youthful despot; and he magnanimously requested his interpreter to console the Christian chief with the assurance, that even the bravest of men were liable to become the sport of fortune. He invited him, at the same time, to embrace the Mahomedan faith, and enter his service, since the Christian princes, who had abandoned him in his extremity, did not merit the alliance of so redoubtable a chief; and, by way of a bribe, promised to advance him to the highest dignities in his empire, and make him one of his chosen councillors. The grand-master answered, that were he to dishonour his grey hairs by becoming a traitor and renegade, he would only show how unworthy he was of the high opinion which his conqueror entertained of him; and that he would far rather retire into obscurity, or part with life itself, than be accounted a recreant and apostate by his own people. Solymán dismissed the venerable knight with honour; and said to Achmet Pasha, who was in attendance, 'It is not without regret that I drive this unfortunate old man, full of sorrow, from his home.'"

The Knights of St John had still their commanderies, rich and powerful, over Europe, though Henry VIII., about this very time, abolished the order in England. But their importance was yet sufficient to procure for them the cession of the island of Malta, where their numbers were soon recruited. Removed in some measure, however, from the sphere of Turkish and Egyptian operations, the knights came now into hostility with new enemies of their faith. The African coasts swarmed at this time, as they also did at a much later date, with pirates, who filled their coffers with gold, and their dungeons with captives, from the European states. In concert with the Emperor Charles, the Knights of Malta undertook a great expedition against the two Barbarossas, the most famous pirates of the day, who had gained sovereign power in Algiers and Tunis, by expelling the rightful princes. Tunis and Goletta were conquered on this occasion, chiefly by the dauntless valour of the Knights of St John, and the rightful governments were re-established. But, in a future expedition, the order lost a great force before Algiers, and a garrison of theirs was expelled with vast loss from Tripoli.

For the next half century, the knights waged incessant war with the piratical Mahomedans, both of Africa and the Turco-Grecian islands. The importance of their services to European commerce was fully shown by the renewed attempts of the Ottoman Porte to suppress them. In 1565, one great attempt was made by 30,000 Turks on the island. The assault of the small fort of St Elmo will show the bravery of the knights in a fair light:—"At daybreak on the 16th of June, the Turkish galleys commenced a furious cannonade against the seaward rampart; and at the same time the land batteries shattered into ruin the still remaining fortifications. This done, the Osmanlis entered the ditch to the sound of their proud but barbarous music; and, at the discharge of a signal-gun, rushed impetuously to the assault, covered by 4000 arquebusers and cross-bowmen, who, from their post in the trenches, shot down every Christian soldier who showed himself in the breach. Behind that deadly gap stood the knights and their scant battalion, armed with pikes and pikes, and forming, as it were, a living wall. Between every three soldiers stood a knight, the better to sustain the courage of those who had nothing of chivalrous renown to uphold them. In vain did the Turks dash themselves on this impenetrable phalanx. When swords and pikes were broken, the Christian soldiers grappled with their antagonists, and terminated the death-struggle with their daggers. The burning hoops were of eminent service in this combat; and the cries of the wretches whom they begirt, added greatly to the horror of the fight. It was a cheering circumstance to the defenders of the fort, that the conflict was maintained under the eyes of their friends in the Bourg, who they feared had begun to doubt their bravery. Amid the thunder of the artillery, and the groans of the dying, their ears were gladdened at intervals by encouraging shouts wafted across the haven from the distant ramparts; and the guns of Fort St Angelo and St Michael played incessantly, and with considerable effect, on the Turkish lines. At the end of six hours, the knights, covered with wounds, and blistered by the scorching rays of the sun, had the consolation to hear a retreat sounded from the enemy's trenches; and the Turks reluctantly retired, leaving behind them 2000 dead." When the last defender fell, the Turks became masters of St Elmo. But they were ultimately driven from the island, with a loss of 25,000 men.

The order was congratulated by all Europe on this occasion. For the next century, it continued to maintain maritime combats of lesser note, chiefly in contest with the African pirates. But its utility and its wealth gradually departed. Each of the powers of Europe became owners of great fleets, which reduced the galleys of St John to total insignificance; and there being no longer occasion for their services, the possessions of the knights slipped by degrees from their grasp. Besides, islands could no longer be wrested even from Mahomedans, or expeditions made against them; treaties and alliances bound both parties to peace. At length, in the time of the sixteenth grand-master, Bonaparte appeared before Valletta, the Maltese capital, and, after a feeble show of

opposition, took possession of the island. The inhabitants seem to have been utterly tired of the rule of the knights; and the latter ceded Malta to the French, by a treaty which bound them at once to quit the isle. They received petty annuities in lieu of this their ancient possession.

The British expelled the French; but the knights returned to Malta no more. An attempt at the re-establishment of the order was made by Paul of Russia, which ended in nothing. Thus fell the renowned brotherhood of the Knights Hospitallers of St John. The extent of their possessions at one time, as well as those of the Templars, is shown by the numberless places, in Britain and elsewhere, to which they have permanently given names.

MELANCHOLY MOMENTS.

It is not pain, it is not grief,
That weigheth down my spirit now;
A holier feeling craves relief
For burden'd breast, for burning brow:
Nor pain nor grief might thus me bow,
Nor theirs the sorrow of the hour;
A deeper sadness this, I trow,
Bound on me by some sterner power.

Hast ever long'd to weep thy fill,
And felt that thou in vain must pine—
Felt fall on thee the leaden chill
Which freezes tears within their shrine?
Hast ever lov'd a full blue eye,
Whose heaven note ne'er upon thee shine?
Or seen a bosom heave the sigh
Thou knew'st was no response to thine?

Hast ever felt full many a thought
Of tenderness within thee swell,
By Nature to thy spirit taught,
Yet blighting that wherein they dwell?
Thy misery to love too well,
Since doom'd still to love alone—
Affection sickening in her cell,
For lack of things to rest upon.

And hast thou known what 'tis to gaze,
In pensive musing, fancy free,
Back on the joyous sunny days
Of boyhood and of infancy?
Hast felt the rushing memories press,
And wish'd the troubler not to be?
Mementos of thy loneliness!—
Then, stranger, thou canst feel for me.

And if a mother's eye did bless
Thine own, and fondly on thee smile,
A mother's bosom once did press
Thine own—though only when a child:
Or if a sister fair and mild
Hath laid her soft cheek thine upon,
Then fathom thou the anguish wild
Born of the thought that both are gone.

Dearer than home to exile's thought,
Than to the hero battle's van,
Than science to the sage she taught,
Or chieftain to his Highland clan—
Dearer than to the delug'd earth
The bow of hope that heaven did span,
Dearer than all the world is worth—
Is woman to the heart of man!

Prate not of friends: there is a smart
That mocks at friendship's nicest skill;
There is a void within the heart
That even friendship may not fill:
There is within a mystic will,
Aye calling at the spirit's shrine—
A something that demandeth still
A breast to blend and beat with thine:—

A breast will be thine own for aye,
Will bleed at ought that brings thee pain,
Will languish when thou art away,
And leap when it on thine bath lain.
Oh give me such, or else give back,
Ye years, the blessedness ye've ta'en!—
The springiness my spirits lack—
And let me be a boy again!

GUANO MANURE.

The sterile soils of the South American coast are manured with a substance called guano, consisting of urate of ammonia and other ammoniacal salts, by the use of which a luxuriant vegetation and the richest crops are obtained. Guano has lately been imported in considerable quantities into Liverpool and several other English ports, and is now experimentally employed as a manure by English agriculturists. A consideration of its composition and mode of action cannot therefore fail to be acceptable. Much speculation has arisen as to the true origin of guano, but the most certain proof is now afforded that it has been produced by the accumulation of the excrements of the innumerable sea-fowl which inhabit the islands upon which it is found. Meyen, the latest writer upon this subject, completely coincides with this opinion, for he says—"their number is Legion; they completely cloud the sun when they rise from their resting-place in the morning, in flocks of miles in length." Yet, notwithstanding their great number, thousands of years must have elapsed before the excrements could have accumulated to such a thickness as they possess at present. Guano has been used by the Peruvians as a manure since the twelfth century; and Rivero states that the annual consumption of guano, for the purposes of agriculture, amounts to 40,000 fanegas (7000 quarters). The increase of crops obtained by the use of guano is very remarkable. According to the same authority, the crop of potatoes is increased forty-five times by means of it, and that of maize thirty-five times. The composition of guano points out how admirably it is fitted for a manure; for not only does it contain ammoniacal salts in abundance, but also those inorganic constituents which are indispensable for the development of plants.—*Professor Liebig's New Work.*

WAR.

What, speaking in quite unofficial language, is the net purport of war? To my own knowledge, for example, there dwell and toil, in the British village of Dumdrudge, usually some five hundred souls. From these, by certain "natural enemies" of the French, there are successively selected, during the French war, say thirty able-bodied men: Dumdrudge, at her own expense, has suckled and nursed them; she has, not without difficulty and sorrow, fed them up to manhood, and even trained them to crafts, so that one can weave, another build, another hammer, and the weakest can stand under thirty stone avoirdupois. Nevertheless, amid much weeping and swearing, they are selected; all dressed in red, and shipped away at the public charge, some 2000 miles, or say, only to the south of Spain; and fed there till wanted. And now, to that same spot in the south of Spain, are thirty similar French artisans, from a French Dumdrudge, in like manner wending; till at length, after infinite effort, the parties come into actual juxtaposition, and thirty stand fronting thirty, each with a gun in his hand. Straightway the word "Fire!" is given, and they blow the souls out of one another; and, instead of sixty brisk useful craftsmen, the world has sixty dead carcasses, which it must bury and anon shed tears for. Had these men any quarrel? Busy as the devil is, not the smallest. They lived far enough apart, were the entirest strangers, nay, in so wide a universe, there was even, unconsciously, by commerce, some mutual helpfulness between them. How then? Simpleton! their governors had fallen out; and, instead of shooting one another, had the cunning to make these poor blockheads shoot.—*Carlyle's Sartor Resartus.*

BENEFIT OF A FREE PRESS.

A free press is the parent of much good in a state. But even a licentious press is a far less evil than a press that is enslaved, because both sides may be heard in the former case, but not in the latter. A licentious press may be an evil, an enslaved press must be so; for an enslaved press may cause error to be more current than wisdom, and wrong more powerful than right; a licentious press cannot effect these things, for if it gives the poison, it gives also the antidote, which an enslaved press withholds. An enslaved press is doubly fatal—it not only takes away the true light, for in that case we might stand still, but it sets up a false one, that decoys us to our destruction.—*Lucan.*

TULIPOMANIA IN HOLLAND.

When the Tulipomania infected Holland, and single roots were sold for many hundred pounds, we are told—"People who had been absent from Holland, and whose chance it was to return when this folly was at its maximum, were sometimes led into awkward dilemmas by their ignorance. There is an amusing instance of the kind related in Blainville's Travels. A wealthy merchant, who prided himself not a little on his rare tulips, received upon one occasion a very valuable consignment of merchandise from the Levant. Intelligence of its arrival was brought him by a sailor, who presented himself for that purpose at the counting-house, among bales of goods of every description. The merchant, to reward him for his news, munificently made him a present of a fine red-herring for his breakfast. The sailor had, it appears, a great partiality for onions; and seeing a bulb, very like an onion, lying upon the counter of this liberal trader, and thinking it no doubt very much out of its place among silks and velvets, he slyly seized an opportunity, and slipped it into his pocket as a relish for his herring. He got clear off with his prize, and proceeded to the quay to eat his breakfast. Hardly was his back turned, when the merchant missed his valuable *Semper Augustus*, worth 3000 florins, or about £280 sterling. The whole establishment was instantly in an uproar; search was every where made for the precious root, but it was not to be found. Great was the merchant's distress of mind. The search was renewed, but again without success. At last some one thought of the sailor. The unhappy merchant sprang into the street at the bare suggestion. His alarmed household followed him. The sailor, simple soul! had not thought of concealment. He was found quietly sitting on a coil of ropes, masticating the last morsel of his onion. Little did he dream that he had been eating a breakfast whose cost might have regaled a whole ship's crew for a twelvemonth; or, as the plundered merchant himself expressed it, 'might have sumptuously feasted the Prince of Orange and the whole court of the stadtholder.' Anthony caused pearls to be dissolved in wine to drink the health of Cleopatra; Sir Richard Whittington was as foolishly magnificent in an entertainment to King Henry V.; and Sir Thomas Gresham drank a diamond, dissolved in wine, to the health of Queen Elizabeth, when she opened the Royal Exchange; but the breakfast of this roguish Dutchman was as splendid as either. He had the advantage, too, over his wasteful predecessors; their gems did not improve the taste or the wholesomeness of their wine, while his tulip was quite delicious with his red-herring."—*Mackay's History of Popular Delusions.*

ULTIMATE SUCCESS OF GOOD SCHEMES.

Many schemes ridiculed as Utopian, derided as visionary, and declaimed against as impracticable, will be realised the moment the march of sound knowledge has effected this for our species—that of making men wise enough to see their true interests, and disinterested enough to pursue them.—*Lucan.*

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